

# SPECIAL DELIVERY

*sunburycd*

*Courier makes a memorable final delivery.*

Mature

4.77

8.8k words

Author's note- Contains incest themes

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I looked down at the delivery schedule on my tablet and then into the mirror to see the near empty rear of the van. The end of my day, the week; and only one stop left to make, the large package shifting as I rounded a bend in the road. The rain hadn't let up all day and driving was becoming a chore, especially upon roads I was totally unused to this far from the city. The GPS told me to take the next left and when I pulled off onto the gravel road, I winced at what confronted me.

A ford. Underwater. I checked again the address of my last delivery and sure enough, directly across and miles further. Lifting the hood of my jacket I stepped out into the weather and approached the crossing, looking to judge the actual depth of the water. Closer, and it didn't look so overwhelming. Knowing it took only inches of water to float a vehicle I looked back at the wheel base of my van and gauged I had the clearance to take it on.

With caution I put the van in gear, edged out into the stream and found the crossing easier than I expected, coming out on the other side and heading off along the wooded road. Late in the afternoon, the rain becoming heavier, the only reprieve was the cover provided by the fir trees as their limbs reached out across the unmade road as I wound my way further into the forest.

I couldn't miss the address, the road ending at the entrance of a large estate. Through a stone wall, (the letters I.L.F. upon a bronze plaque) and its foreboding iron gates, I drove slowly up the drive and with the GPS declaring I'd reached my destination, stopped before an imposing turn of the last century building. Once more raising my hood, I stepped out into the storm and opened the rear of the van, withdrawing the large cardboard box and headed up the stairs.

After ringing the doorbell, I looked further down the drive to the left, a parking lot among the trees holding at least fifteen cars though no sound of a gathering from inside the building. Finally, I could hear the click of a woman's heels approaching from the other side and the large oak door opened up before me.

The woman was elegantly dressed in a black pencil skirt over sheer stockings. A cream satin blouse was buttoned up high on her throat and I could make out the lines of her bra beneath. Her blonde hair flecked with grey was pulled back in a messy bun and she surveyed me through black rimmed glasses.

"Oh finally," she exhaled, whispering. "I was worried it wouldn't arrive in time."

"We always deliver," I repeated the company's motto for the umpteenth time that day and placed the box at her feet before tapping the confirmation of delivery into my tablet and asking her name for verification.

"Madeline Faine," she responded. "I'm the manager here."

Asking her to sign, I made sure she was able to handle the box before wishing her the best and heading back into the rain. My day done.

Or so I thought.

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I stopped at the ford to see the water level had dramatically risen. The rain just as heavy, if not more so, I looked across to see the flashing lights of a police car at the turnoff of the main road. Through the windscreen wipers I could make out an officer in a raincoat setting up what looked to be a road block and I stepped out into the downpour to better see what was happening.

I was right about the water level, the flow of the stream now a strong current, debris floating along its course. It was clear I couldn't cross and I waved to the policeman to get his attention. In the time it took him to walk the fifty or so yards to the river, the water level had risen and I needed to step back as it lapped at my feet.

"Road's closed," he called out across the waters, stating the freaking obvious.

"How long until I can cross?" I yelled back over the rain and rushing water to see him shrug.

"Could be hours. Could be days if it keeps rain'n upstream," he discouragingly responded and I couldn't help but slump. Knowing I was on a dead-end road I didn't bother asking if there was another way around. "Looks like y'all just have ta wait it out," he waved a hand in departure and headed back to the protection of his vehicle. I took another step away from the ever-rising water before turning and heading back to the shelter of my van myself.

"Fuck," I slammed my hands onto the steering wheel when safely back inside the cabin. Taking out my phone I checked my weather app and saw no letup in the rain, even the radar looking menacingly red over much of the state. Turning off the ignition I relaxed for a moment and listened to the soothing sound of the droplets upon the roof and windscreen, taking off my water-logged jacket and settling into the seat. It wasn't uncomfortable. The relaxing sound of the rain would have the ability to lull me to sleep if I allowed it. Could I sleep it out I wondered? How long though?

Again, I took out my phone and called my boss to explain the problem to which I received little sympathy and hung up more frustrated than before. The I.L.F. I thought. What was that place? I Googled the name and found their website, offering little detail as to what they indeed were. The Institute of Liberating Femininity. What the fuck did that mean? From their site it looked like a conference center; photos of a meeting room, an indoor swimming pool, a bar! Could I get a room? There were clearly other people there at present, all in the same boat (if only) as me, with the road out blocked. They'd ultimately all have to stay overnight if the rain didn't let up.

I watched white caps begin to appear on the water before me and sighing, turned the ignition and headed back up the forest road.

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Again, there was a wait before I heard the familiar clicking of the previous woman's heels on the wooden floorboards, the opening of the large oak door.

"That was quick," she seemed unsurprised at my arrival. "I only just placed the return request!"

Confused, I asked what she meant?

"The package. It was damaged," she explained. "You're here to pick it up, aren't you?"

"Ah, no," I divulged, shaking the water from my jacket to emphasize the rain. "I've got a problem actually," I began and she furrowed her brow at my admission. "The road's blocked. The ford. It's under water," and a look of recognition came to her face.

"Yes. That sometimes happens."

"Yeah. Well, the police said it could be hours if not days," I looked back at the weather and the darkened sky, the sun barely showing over the trees. "I was wondering if I could get a room? Just for the night."

She noticeably grimaced and it didn't fill me with much promise.

"Well. We have a function on you see. It's, well it's rather exclusive," she momentarily looked over her shoulder before back at me with contemplation.

"You won't even know I'm here," I pleaded my case and it seemed to go some way to swaying her.

"Actually," she looked me up and down. "Come into my office. We may be able to help each other out."

Inside the entranceway she paused and gestured to a rack where I could hang my jacket and again, she eyed my appearance and I began to feel almost uncomfortable.

"This way," she said as the sound of someone crying out in pain? Pleasure? Was heard coming from a room across the hallway. "We have a session just finishing up," she explained the noise and again gestured me to follow.

Once inside her elegantly furnished office, walls lined with shelves containing volumes of books and ornate figurines (many phallic or sexual in their appearance I noted) it was her desk, namely what was atop it where much of my attention was drawn.

"You see the problem," Madeline stated as we both looked at the latex male torso laying upon the dark wooden surface. Clearly a sex doll, the 'problem' she pointed out was obvious. The erection... wasn't. Erect, that is. The attached life-like cock was clearly snapped at the base and feebly sagged down upon the nubs of thigh at the pelvis.

"I...I don't know what this has to do..." I began before realizing. "Oh, this was your delivery!"

"Yes. And it's necessary for one of our sessions."

"Oh," I had no idea what 'sessions' she could have been alluding to and she seemed to perceive my confusion.

"Look, take a seat, um...I didn't get your name?"

"Aaron."

"Aaron, please," she gestured to a leather chair and I sat. "As I said earlier, I'm the manager here at the I.L.F. The Institute of Liberating Femininity. We're an exclusive foundation aimed at providing women with an outlet for their libidinous creativity, in whatever form."

I was still thinking of the acronym, Madeline the manager of the I.L.F. That would make her the M.I.L.F I mused but kept the joke to myself.

"We have a symposium this weekend for mature ladies with varied seminars and workshops. This fellow," she pointed at our friend upon the desk. "Was for one of those sessions."

"Oh," I again stated.

"So, you see we have a problem. These women have paid well for this weekend and they expect satisfaction. And I as manager intend to meet their expectations."

"Okay," I nodded, unsure of where she was headed.

"And this is where you come in," she leaned forward in her chair awaiting my response.

"Wait, what?" I swallowed.

"Well, it was your company that delivered the faulty merchandise," she stated. "Is it not only right that you stand in for such?"

Again, I questioned. "I'm sorry?"

To this she took out a journal and lifted a pen from a holder.

"How old are you, Aaron?"

"Twenty-two. I don't see..."

"And are you single?"

"Yes, but..."

"Any venereal diseases or history of?"

"No!" I stood. "What is this? You expect me to somehow fill in for a sex doll?"

"Good, while you're up can you remove your clothes for me?" She matter-of-factly proposed.

"What the fuck?"

"Well obviously I'd need to inspect you," she responded, incredulous.

"Ah, can we just take a step back here?" I asked.

"Is one thousand dollars adequate?"

"What?" I felt myself calm down somewhat at the figure. "You're serious?"

"Well, of course, you have to be paid for your trouble," she smiled. "Would fifteen hundred be more suitable?"

I began to remove my shirt.

Madeline Faine walked around the desk and stopping before me rested her ass back upon its edge, crossing her legs at the ankles. She lowered her glasses down on her nose and leaned forward somewhat to closer inspect my penis. "Shaved. That's good," she commented. "You're a 'grower' I assume?" She looked back up into my eyes and I felt myself blush at her appraisal of my size when flaccid.

"I'm just over average," I heard myself defend my cock, amazed at how surreal the day had become. Once more she gazed downwards before dropping to her haunches.

"May I?" She looked up into my face as she raised a hand and I dumbly nodded.

Her touch was light and warm as she cupped my shaved balls, massaging each individually before moving on to my cock. This she lifted to a vertical position and in doing so, I began to harden.

"Ooh, here we go," she let out a giggle and it was the first time her demeanor had been anything less than professional from the moment we met. Frustratingly she let go of my cock just when things were getting good and rose up before me. She was at least thirty years my senior, in her heels, slightly taller than me and naked as I was, totally in control of the situation. It actually felt hot as hell.

Once more she leaned back upon the desk and I noticed she in turn had begun to show a red hue around her exposed neck. I could still smell her perfume and with her breasts jutting out suggestively, my cock continued its ascension. "We've never had a man here," she admitted, her eyes glancing down to see how my erection was doing. "I'm not sure how some of our clients will take it. Many lesbians you see," she elaborated. "But a cock's a cock," she smiled and moved back around the desk. "And if they're happy using a dildo, then they can't complain if I offer them the real thing now, can they?"

I didn't know how to answer that but instantly felt some trepidation as to what I was heading into. "Um, Madeline. What exactly is it I'm meant to do?"

Her smile remained. "Mm, I probably should have explained a little more shouldn't I've!? You, my dear. To put it bluntly, will be a prop. The early evening session, where our little limp friend here would've played a starring role, you'll now be expected to be the demonstration 'dummy,' so to speak."

I took it to mean I'd be something like a life model in an art class, with the possibility of sex. It sounded pretty good to me and my cock was equally as enthusiastic, standing proud, pointing directly at Madeline.

"I take it you're not a virgin?" She asked, to which I shook my head. "And how are you for stamina?"

It was a good question. Living with my mother at present, quick masturbation sessions in the bathroom had been my recent *modus operandi*, the quicker the orgasm the better. It had been a few months since I'd last had actual sex and I wondered how long I'd actually last. Madeline must have seen the doubt on my face and made a dismissing motion with her hand. "Don't worry, I'll check our dispensary for a dulling cream. Well..." She paused before rising once more. "Let's get you started."

I made to pick up my clothes from the chair behind me but she stopped my progress. "What are you doing?" She laughed. "You won't be needing them again!"

I walked naked beside her as we left the office, my cock steadily softening as we entered the foyer and made our way toward the grand staircase. Madeline gestured to slowly opening double sliding doors opposite as we bypassed the stairs and I caught sight of flesh in the room. The image taking my breath away as I saw what may have been more than ten women in various stages of undress. "The 'meditative masturbation' class has just ended," Madeline said. "It's why I was whispering earlier."

"Is that everyone?" I asked as we turned a corridor below the staircase and headed further into the house.

"Oh, heavens no!" Madeline laughed. "Barely a third show up for that. The others will be around. There's plenty to occupy oneself here Darling."

We entered through an archway and around another corner, my head spinning at the enormity of the building, finally coming to a door marked 'staff.' Inside was a changing room that wouldn't look out of place at a gym or a high school locker room. Steel lockers either side with a bench between, communal shower at the other end. "If you could take a shower, I just need to go and make some arrangements," Madeline stated before leaving via another connecting door.

Alone and I wondered what the hell I'd gotten myself into? I entered the shower and using attached pumps of soap and shampoo, lathered my body beneath the water. It was as I was rinsing away the suds, the door we'd entered opened and I had company. And it wasn't Madeline.

"Oh," the first of four identically dressed girls exclaimed as they all entered the change rooms proper and looked upon my nudity. "Um, are you supposed to be here?"

I turned off the water and not having thought about what I was going to dry myself with, stepped from the shower dripping, running my hands through my shoulder length hair to remove the water. Roughly my age, possibly younger, they wore white pleated skirts so short they exposed their vaginas, only one of which I noticed had a modicum of pubic hair. Not at all covering their breasts, were sheer white nylon tops, nipples clearly visible. Each in the highest of red heels, their 'uniform' was completed with red ribbons tying pigtailed in their hair.

Their presence intimidating under the circumstances, I was surprised when I began to harden and watched their combined eyes drop to my groin, smirks appearing. Saved from explaining myself, Madeline re-entered the room and defended my attendance. "Oh good, girls, you've met Aaron."

I waved a hand and gladly accepted a towel when Madeline offered, drying my face and surreptitiously covering my nudity. "He's here to help."

"But I didn't think we had men..." the girl with the covering of pubic hair challenged.

"Well exceptional circumstances call for...oh, you get the drift," Madeline dismissed the debate and instead inspected the girls, pulling the skirt of one up higher on her hips to expose more pussy and buttock. "Good. Okay. I've spoken with the chef and canapés are ready to be served in the library. So, you girls hop to it."

There was a giggle as they exited the second door, with Madeline playfully patting each on the ass as they departed, one (pubic hair girl) waving to me as she left. I was again rock hard and Madeline noted when she lay her eyes back upon me. "Well, that looks to be in working order," she smiled

and took the towel when I'd completed drying. "But just in case," she opened a locker and hung the towel before holding up a plastic container she pulled from a small toiletries bag slung from her wrist, the blue pills inside not needing any explanation. "And also," she added, withdrawing a toothpaste-like tube. "De-sensitizing cream. This," she emphasized. "I strongly suggest you use."

These she placed inside the locker with the towel and indicated the toiletries bag was mine and I'd find all I needed inside for the weekend. My clothing and phone, left in her office, she'd fetch shortly. Taking a deep breath, Madeline seemed to be taking a moment to steady herself before she reached out with both hands and clutched my bare arms. "Right. I know this is a lot to take in right now, your head's probably spinning. Am I right?" She smiled warmly and I felt the urge to kiss her. I would've legitimately been happy just to have sex with her and be on my way, despite the possibility of what was to come.

"You said it," I admitted as she studied my face, looking up at my towel dried hair.

"That's okay. I know I've been all formal since we met but understand I'm just a normal person," she soothed as she moved in closer, her breast almost pressing my chest, my hard-on definitely poking her stomach. "I've a strong work ethic but I like to have fun too," her hands sliding up into my hair and gathering my locks into what I could feel was a top knot, tying it with a hair tie from around her wrist. "What I'm saying is, you should too. Be positive, be polite, be professional. But above all, enjoy yourself. The women will see it and they'll appreciate it. We're all friends here, okay?" She finished tying back my hair and with her warm breath exciting me no end, leaned in and kissed me upon the cheek.

It was the pep talk I needed and I could actually feel myself relax. I had no idea what was in stall for me, but whatever it was, I was horny, I was hard, and I was ready.

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"Wait out here," Madeline commanded as we stood outside doors beside the entrance. The walk from the change room hadn't been uneventful, striding past what I realized was the earlier referred to library and seeing two of the pleated skirt girls serving champagne to elegantly dressed women. Madeline explained there was an erotic literature reading and I didn't escape without some curious glances from the ladies within. "I'll go in and explain the situation and then introduce you, okay?"

She made to slide open the door and I stopped her.

"Wait," my erection softening with sudden nerves. "What is this? What am I going to do in there?"

"Oh, Darling," she giggled, touching my arm once more. "I forgot to tell you, didn't I? It's a fellatio workshop!"

She slid open the door enough to slip through and I found myself alone. From my vantage I could see inside without being observed from within and what I spied had me once again hardening. There were more than ten women that I could see. Most clothed conservatively, skirts, dresses, pantyhose. A couple were down to their undergarments, lingerie, sitting upon a couch together, their legs entwined. Both wearing thigh high stockings, one with garters. They shared a kiss and with cheeks touching turned to look at Madeline as she strode into the room.

Behind them were large bay windows looking out westward and I could see how dark the sky had become. The rain was audible even from inside the building and it frustratingly muffled Madeline's voice as she addressed the room. Craning my neck around the door without stepping further into

sight, another couch came into view, the two women it contained listening intently to whatever Madeline was saying. Their appearance had my cock reaching its full potential. A slightly chubby woman looking to be many years younger than the rest, lay completely naked across the lap of a well-dressed older woman, her hand absently caressing the others plump upturned buttocks. The desire to take my dick in hand was overwhelming and I cursed myself for not applying the de-sensitizing cream before I'd left the change room, no way would I last long with all this stimulus.

My urge to wank was removed as Madeline turned and her heels clicked across the floor toward me, ultimately drawing open the door and ushering me into the room. All eyes upon me, most of which aimed squarely at my erect penis. I felt my face flushing as Madeline led me further inside to eventually stand in the middle of the gathering right beside a padded coffee table, upon which my old friend the latex sex doll now lay. I looked up from him back to the naked woman across the lap, the woman above now clearly with her hand between her subordinate's legs, openly fingering the younger. She in turn writhed upon the stocking clad legs below her, her white skin stark against the red velvet couch.

"This is unheard of Madeline," a woman with grey hair, champagne flute in her hand rose to seemingly protest my appearance. "Thirty years and never has a man participated in a workshop at the I.L.F."

"Well, I'm manager now and I made an executive decision," Madeline defended my presence. "Look," she gestured down at the sex doll. "This thing isn't much use, so we can settle with sucking on our plastic dildos for the next hour. Or," she reached out her hand and took hold of my now nerves affected semi erect cock. "You ladies can enjoy the real thing?"

"I know what I've decided," one of the women in lingerie moved off the couch and approached, her hand meeting Madeline's around my swelling penis before looking back at her objecting peer. "And it's not the alternative."

I checked her out as her eyes diverted and liked what I saw. Possibly sixty-ish I supposed, her hair blond with roots showing grey regrowth. Her makeup was impeccable, with red painted lips that I knew would look fantastic wrapped around my cock. The lingerie was a black baby doll that I now noticed was entirely see-through, erect nipples upon breasts that surely must have been implanted but still looked beautiful.

The friend she'd been canoodling with upon the couch when I'd spied rose also and with a look at Madeline as she approached, asked if it was just my cock that was available during the workshop?

"He's all ours," Madeline smiled, taking my hand and squeezing in support as she drew me down onto the coffee table beside my redundant latex buddy. "We can do with him what we may."

"Good," the roughly fifty-year-old responded, stopping to take her panties in hand and slide them down over her garter belt and stockinged legs, stepping out of the unnecessary item. "Because I want to get my pussy eaten!"

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Her waxed smooth pubic mound smushed up against my nose as she ground dripping labia all over my mouth, all the while feeling what had to be multiple lips and tongues around my cock. On my elbows as I leaned back, my neck became sore as I slurped her mature folds, ultimately having to lay back fully, her pelvis following to eventually have her sit fully upon my face.



"My god ladies," I heard the now familiar and reassuring voice of Madeline. "Take it easy on him, he's here all weekend."

Seemingly disregarding the advice, my hands were taken up and each placed between hot and lubricated upper thighs, fingers sliding effortlessly into one hairless and one obviously hirsute pussy. The woman above me eased back slightly, allowing me to at least be productive and go to work on her clit of which I teased between my lips and lavished with kisses and licks. I looked up her torso and discovered she'd removed her bodice, clearly enhanced breasts defying gravity for a woman of her years.

Mouths were removed from my cock and just in time too as I could feel my orgasm approaching. "Okay, okay," Madeline again. "Let's just step back for a moment, everyone gets a turn." The woman above me would have none of that and began grinding her pussy into my face with renewed fervor. I obliged her by poking out my tongue as far as it would go, feeling it delve inside her velvety folds, onto a lubricated asshole and back and forth from buttocks to mound of Venus. The inevitable orgasm preempted when she clasped her thighs tightly around my head, a hand in my hair to pull my face further into her body.

I felt like an object. Nothing more than one of the dildos I'd noticed laying around the room, a living, breathing, sex doll. And I couldn't have been happier.

My ears blocked to most sound around me, I did make out the clapping and cheers as my face was cum upon. The gathered ladies seemingly pleased with the sex show being performed by one of their number. Her pussy released a steady flow of lubricant which I drank down with relish; a sweet tasting wine, as mature and refined as the woman from which it seeped.

"Are you done Liv?" Madeline clearly addressed the queen on the throne and with her thighs parting allowing me to freely look up, I saw her look almost bashful, not the brazen, wanton, sex crazed diva that had attacked me. She raised a hand to her mouth as she climbed off my head and I could see her face was noticeably red.

"I'm sorry," she guiltily laughed. "It's been a while," she excused her behavior and looked down at me. "Thank you...what was your name again?"

"Aaron, his name is Aaron," Madeline huffed as I made it back to my elbows to see the room had dramatically changed. All but Madeline and the lady with the woman on her lap were naked, clothing, underwear and stockings strewn haphazardly across couches and upon the floor. I looked down at my dick to see it dripping with saliva, lipstick marks along its length, upon my shaved pubic bone.

Madeline cleared her throat. "Now that we've gotten that out of our system, can we focus on what this hour was set aside to study?" Hearing no dissenting voices, even from the woman that had first raised issue to me being there, who I now noticed was just as naked as the rest of them and judging by her impressive amount of pubic hair was the woman that had grabbed and fucked my right hand. "Fellatio!" Madeline reconvened.

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They took it in turns. When each of the ladies wasn't practicing her oral skills on me, they would pair up and practice on each other. Madeline went from overseeing their form to sitting beside the woman still in clothing and they began to chat out of earshot. It had me wondering if this older woman was someone in authority as well?

The woman that had lain upon her lap was now seated beside her, intently watching the goings on. Her feet up on the couch, she could have been innocently watching television in the manner she sat, save for the fact she was entirely naked, a hand down at her crotch and fingers expertly manipulating her clitoris. I watched as she leaned into the woman to her left and whispered something in her ear, noticing the similarity between the two, before she rose and joined the others on their knees in line to blow me.

I looked around. A woman with far too much fake tan lay face down on a couch hugging a cushion as she was being eaten out from behind. The raven-haired beauty dining had her jaw high up between the buttocks of the other, clearly licking her asshole. One chunky female with impressive breasts had donned a strap-on and was enjoying having it sucked on by a conservative looking lady in her fifties wearing stilettos and nothing more. The woman with her mouth currently around my cock made a gagging sound and lifted off, trailing a large amount of saliva which she used to lubricate her hand as she began jerking me off, eventually relinquishing her prize to the next in line.

I was being paid for this!

I began to wonder if it was real. Was I dreaming? Had I died somehow, possibly crossing the stream, washed away in the flood and ended up in some erotic heaven?

Madeline and the somehow familiar looking woman next to her chatted as they observed. When the younger woman that had been across her lap made it to the front of the line and took my cock in hand, then mouth, the demeanor of the lady on the couch drastically changed.

A casual observer until now, she uncrossed her legs and the green wrap dress she wore parted. Her thighs separated to reveal tan stay-up hose, no panties and a thin strip of trimmed pubic hair. Madeline herself watched her neighbor along with me, a hand sliding onto her pronounced pubic mound, fingers pressing her outer labia. Two of the earlier pleated skirt girls entered with champagne but seeing their presence wasn't required, one merely stood to the side quietly observing, a hand between her thighs, while the other (the girl with pubic hair) joined Madeline upon the couch.

Another mouth joined the fun at my cock and took it upon herself to lick my balls, her cheek being slapped by the jaw of the other as she bobbed away on my length. The two lady's breasts pressing together as they embraced between my thighs.

The serving girl with pubic hair (I really needed to learn names) spread her legs and I was amazed to see Madeline place a hand over her vagina and casually stroke her fingers through the down, almost like petting a cat.

It was all too much! When, where I was to cum, hadn't been explained. From one sliding her mouth down my saliva coated shaft to circling her tongue around the bulbous head, to another lovingly licking my balls, my orgasm was imminent and I felt a sudden nervousness about what was etiquette in the situation. Looking once more to Madeline, I made it clear in my facial expression I was ready and she thankfully interpreted my distress.

Rising, Madeline drew the attention of the group with a clearing of her throat and strode beside me, climbing up on the lounge. "And now what we all want to see," she moved in close and I felt her breasts press my back. "The question is who gets it?" She pressed her cheek against my own as she grasped my slick erection.

"Ooh me," the woman in suspenders rose from where she'd been fucking herself with a purple dildo. "It's only fair," she proposed. "I came on his face!"

There was a concurring murmur from the ladies and the two kneeling at my legs moved aside to allow her access, but only marginally.

Madeline's hand worked along my shaft with just the perfect amount of pressure, her breath on my cheek, her perfume, it all had my heavy balls ready to release an expected torrent and I held my own breath as it approached.

"Are you ready Liv?" Madeline whispered, her hand moving quicker, the same hand I realized that had just been upon the servant girl's pussy. Liv opened her mouth wide, sticking her tongue out suggestively to prove she was indeed prepared to receive my gift. Madeline's boobs pressed harder into me; I could feel the heat of her body. I could smell pussy, multiple pussies. The two other women at my thighs moved their faces in beside Liv and in turn opened their mouths...

And I came.

Not just any orgasm. The best of my life. If I thought cumming inside my first girlfriend years before had been wonderful, it was nothing on this. Madeline's hand stopped moving and squeezed tight as she obviously felt my seed speed along my shaft, trapping it for that one millisecond to build up the pressure before release. And what a release. The first thread shot clear over Liv's head to lay in a strand upon her hair. The next and multiple thereafter directly upon her face, over her eyes causing her to half close them. Finally, Madeline directed my flow into her awaiting mouth where the two other women were quick to descend upon, tongues entwined in a stew of semen and saliva.

Not getting enough from Liv's mouth, the chubby blond from the lap descended on the source, her mouth once more wrapping around the head of my cock to suck cum from me like a straw. Madeline withdrew her service, giving me a kiss upon the cheek that I wished was upon my lips and stood back up at my side. "So, there you have it ladies. I think we can all thank Aaron for his participation this afternoon," she looked at her watch as there was agreement from the audience. "Time's pressing and we do like to be punctual. Some of you may wish to withdraw to your private quarters before dinner but may I remind you it will be served on time at 6pm."

Having to almost wrench my cock away from the woman still sucking me, Madeline drew me to my feet and escorted me from the room, the doors closing behind us. "That went better than I expected," she leaned in and placed her arms around me, my still erect and wet cock pressing hard into her stomach. "Don't you think?"

She leaned back and awaited my response.

"I don't know what to think," I admitted. "I feel like I should be paying you for this!"

She laughed and once more kissed me, this time closer to my lips I noticed.

"Oh, don't be silly," she giggled. "You're a hit. I've never seen Barbara this enthusiastic for one."

"Barbara?" I questioned.

"You didn't notice?" Madeline frowned. "Barbara Rothgate? The woman beside me on the couch."

It was then I realized why she'd looked so familiar.

"The Senator?" I exclaimed to the acknowledgement of Madeline and then it really clicked. The naked girl that had lay upon her lap was her daughter. Briget Rothgate. The influencer. I'd entered another world.

The flashing of red and blue lights from outside the building caught both of our attention and forced a change of subject, Madeline unfortunately leaving my arms when the eventual knock came at the door. The policeman's presence spoke volumes with yet a word uttered and when he informed Madeline the river was crossable, it was no great surprise. Standing out of sight, I realized I was now free to leave and when Madeline closed the door, the look in her eyes conveyed her awareness.

"I understa..."

"I want to..." we both spoke at once followed by a smile. "You go," I offered.

"I understand if you want to leave," she said. "We'll organize a suitable payment for your participation."

"I was going to say, I wanted to stay," I admitted and once more she was eager to embrace me, my flaccid cock embarrassingly hardening as it was again pressed into her body.

"Wonderful," she kissed my cheek.

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I again showered. After, examining the contents of the toiletries bag. The blue pills which I put aside, were surely Viagra, and I wondered how and why they were available at an all-female institute such as this? The desensitizing cream however, I liberally applied to my cock. Yes, I think I'd lasted reasonably well in the previous session, but what more was to come? I'd need to be prepared if I wanted it to go as well. Really, I just wanted Madeline to be proud of me. Strange. All the women I'd seen naked in the last hour. Even the girls roughly my own age and it was her that the very thought of had my cock swelling. As I applied the last of the cream, my fingers stimulating my length, I doubted the effectiveness of the lotion.

Prepared, I stood for a moment unsure before thankfully the door to the locker room opened and one of the serving girls entered. It was the one with pubic hair and she was quick to give away her identity, no matter how awkwardly and revelatory. "Mo... I mean Madeline asked me to escort you."

"What?" I inquired.

"Escort you. To the dinner. We're serving," she divulged, producing a bow tie. "Your uniform!"

"No, I mean, where you about to say 'Mom?'" I asked as she came closer to wrap the tie around my neck, her face immediately blushing.

"Oh, um, yeah. I'm her daughter, Sophie," she held out her hand, taking her soft palm in my own.

So close to her, I could now see the resemblance. It wasn't all I was aware of. Her nipples had hardened and wearing no underwear, the scent of pussy came to my nostrils and had my cock rising to the occasion. She was as beautiful as her mother and I blushed myself as I stated my own name.

"Yeah," she smiled. "I know."

There was a moment. We both shared it. Was it possible I was in love with both a mother and daughter at once?

The smell of cooked food came to our noses and Sophie was quick to respond. "Come on, we're up."

Our hands remained connected, merely swapping as she led me from the locker room out into the hallway and down another corridor. Eventually we came to the kitchen where we joined the three other serving girls. Handed one, then another plate of steaming food, I looked at Sophie with an air of concern.

"I've never waited before," I admitted, to which she smiled.

"I don't think it's your waiting skills you'll be judged on Aaron."

If I felt underdressed in only my bow tie amongst the girls and a few (all female) kitchen staff, it was nothing compared to entering the dining room. There must have been close to sixty women present. All seated. All dressed immaculately in evening gowns, makeup, jewellery. My cock that'd been rising when in Sophie's presence, shrunk at the reality of my situation, the intimidating nature of the room. The ten or so women in the fellatio class had nothing on this.

Receiving a gentle shove from behind, I was ushered into the room proper and the din of conversation was replaced with a murmur of combined contemplation at my presence. I felt my face redden, my balls contract as the crowd all focused on me alone. This was terrible. I was entirely out of my element.

And then the reassuring face of Madeline.

"Now here's our unexpected entertainment ladies," she declared as I presented a plate to the closest woman. I couldn't help but admire the impressive cleavage on display below me, the exposed thigh of the woman next to her and thankfully, my little friend below agreed, twitching involuntarily into life. "Ooh," Madeline exclaimed at my development. "And it looks like the show is about to begin."

I met her eyes and she smiled, offering me a wink before I headed back to get more plates. Again, I placed them before the women and once more Madeline spoke up. "And understand ladies, it's not just chicken on the menu," she seemingly responded to the look on the face of the woman at my hip, her eyes on my semi erect dick. "Aaron has enough cock to go around."

The moment she said it, as if given license, the middle-aged lady beside me took my dick in hand and then mouth. The desensitizing cream did nothing! The softness of her lips, the damp cushion of her tongue had me hardening within her mouth, sighing as the pleasure of the blowjob took effect. My god she was good, her eyes looking up into my face to gauge my response. I was approving. A hand reached across from next door and cupped my balls and then the shaft. My cock gently stolen from one mouth to enter another; saliva shared between the two beauties. This woman older but equally as accomplished, impeccably applied lipstick leaving streaks along my shaft as she sucked.

Sophie's voice caught my attention from behind and I turned to see her holding plates. "If you could?" She held them toward me and I looked down at the woman with lips around the head of my dick.

"Sorry I have to..." I managed and understanding, though reluctant, she withdrew, sucking the eye for pre-cum as she went. My service was appreciated by the next two, the ladies just as eager to sample the entree before the main, so to speak. My now proudly erect cock shared between two mouths, tongues entwining around my shaft, up onto the head.

It took a good twenty minutes to circle the table, most of the women present relishing the opportunity to take my cock in mouth or hand, laughing and discussing amongst themselves tales of blowjobs past. Those not partaking in the penile appetizer I noticed, content to caress the other wait staff, fingers marinating in the pussies of my fellow servants, palms fondling bare buttocks. We were simply sexual playthings for these clearly wealthy ladies and with my balls being sucked and my cock choking the throat of a silver haired vixen, I for one didn't care a hoot.

I made it to Madeline and her daughter was the one to hand me the plate to serve her, my cock below slick with saliva, swollen to an impressive scale and the head bulbous and dripping pre-cum. To my surprise she stood and offered me her seat at the head of the table next to the senator and her own daughter.

"A little poll was taken," Madeline explained. "And it was determined, embarrassed as I am, that as it was my decision to employ you this weekend, I should be the one to sit the throne."

Once more she gestured I sit, and complying with her wishes I watched as she hitched up her tight skirt. She wore flesh colored stockings attached to a matching suspender and as the skirt inched higher, her waxed smooth pubis came to view. From my position beside her, I could clearly see her slick inner thighs, the intoxicating scent of pussy hitting my nostrils.

"So, if you don't object Aaron?" She took the time to ask, my head slowly nodding my approval, Madeline, the woman I'd so quickly developed more than an immature crush on, climbed upon my lap.

With back to me, she slowly descended her bare rounded buttocks toward my crotch. My cock, a tower of affection, found her entranceway warm and wet, her labia like velvet as they parted to allow the penetration. My breath taken as she hugged my length, slowly embracing me, inch by wonderful inch until we were one, her ass settling comfortably in my lap. And there she sat. To take up cutlery and begin her meal as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred.

The room wasn't so idle. To the left and right of me, all down the length of the table, debauchery was at play. The casual copulation of Madeline and I had heralded the beginning of the Bacchanalian feast. Tongues were thrust into mouths. The wait staff were more than willingly molested, nipples sucked, pussies probed by eager fingers. The Senators daughter sat naked as per usual upon her mother's lap being fed her meal like a child. Brabara Rothgate, the conservative politician, between forks fingering her daughter's splayed pussy not two feet from my side.

Tantrically, Madeline and I fucked. The pulsing of my cock inside her was greeted by the squeezing of her pelvic floor, her vaginal walls embracing me in the most intimate of holds as finally her ass began to sway, her pussy grinding into my lap. The lesbian feast progressed. Mid meal, a satin dressed beauty rose from the table to reveal a strap-on cock attached to her groin, dragging another toward a fainting couch to unceremoniously fuck her peer missionary style.

It was all too much. How was any man expected to last much longer amid such circumstances? My hands that had been at my side rose to hold Madeline by the hips, her skin as smooth as silk beneath my touch. With leverage, I pulled her into me as I lifted my groin and immediately her

meal was forgotten. Her neck arched and head thrown back, she began to move with my thrusting, obscenely grinding, almost twerking her ass on my crotch.

"Oh God!" She moaned from above and I ran my hands up her torso, feeling her bra beneath her satin shirt, one hand massaging her shoulder as the other slid around to clutch a breast as she did all the work below. Sophie, filling wine glasses stepped between us and the Senator, and Madeline was quick to reach out for her daughter's hand. "Darling, it feels wonderful. Would you like a go?" To which Sophie blushed, her eyes looking to mine.

"No that's okay Mommy," she smiled at me. "Maybe later."

"At least take a hand," Madeline declared, taking my own from her shoulder and forcing it down between her daughter's legs.

I discovered Sophie dripping. Her impressive mat of pubic hair sodden and cold to the touch, eventually feeling her heat as my fingers slid between her labia. Her mouth opened as I found her clit, her hips thrusting into my manipulation and eyes closing as the pleasure engulfed her. Madeline enjoyed the sight as much as I. Her head thrown back to press her cheek against my own. "Finger me Aaron," she breathed as I inhaled the perfume in her hair.

On the verge of cumming. Doing everything in my power to prevent it, I was now provided more stimulus. My left hand reaching around to find Madeline's bald pubic bone, down onto her labia and press her own clitoris as she in turn fucked my cock. The sound of orgasms all around us. Sophie reached down and grasped my wrist, pulling my fingers inside her body to use my hand as her personal dildo. It was then Madeline came.

Her pussy squeezed me tight as her body became rigid. The first time I'd ever made a woman cum from sex alone, her fifty plus year old frame shuddered as she released a contented groan, a hand thrown back to grab my hair, nails dragging across my scalp. It was another moment of pleasure that had me bordering on the inevitable and as if reading my thoughts, Madeleine whispered for me to cum.

The very moment I released; Sophie found my mouth with her own. Her tongue thrusting between my lips as I came inside her mother. Jet after jet of ejaculate shooting deep within her body, her pussy milking me, squeezing me with every spurt. A copious amount I must have delivered. Ten, fifteen pulses inside her as a number of cheers rose from those observing. Sophie's pussy clasped my fingers, gasps from her mouth as I brought another woman to orgasm through no real effort on my behalf.

I was spent. Sophie released my aching hand from between her legs and sheepishly smiled as she set to pouring more drinks. Madeline above reached for her fork and continued on with her meal, satisfied to keep my still erect penis locked within her cum filled vagina. I watched the senator and her influencer daughter, now suckling at her mother's breast like a baby and ridiculously, I came again. Madeline clearly feeling the supplemental spurt and giggling to herself as she casually ate.

Where the hell was I? What world was this where women young and old so freely expressed themselves sexually? Wantonly accepting any pleasure even to the point of incest. It was glorious. Were all women so inclined?

"Madeline," I summoned the courage to speak for only the second time since I'd entered the room.

"Yes Darling?" She sighed, leaning back and seemingly satisfied with her meal and the feeling of me remaining inside her.

"We need to talk."

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She kept her skirt up around her waist as we entered her office and it was hard to not simply stare at her smooth pubic bone and the dribble of cum that began to run her inner thigh. With Sophie as well in attendance, my cock remained hard and she had no qualms keeping her eyes on the prize, the memory of her 'maybe later,' comment still front of both of our minds as she eyed my erection.

"What is it, Aaron?" Madeline asked, a look of concern on her face. "You look troubled."

"It's this place. All these women. Who are you?" I questioned.

"I don't follow," Madeline frowned.

"How do they come to be here? It just seems so bizarre."

"Oh," Madeline's face softened. "We're just normal women Aaron. The ladies pay around a thousand dollars to come here and be as free as they choose. Men don't have a license on fantasy you know."

I felt myself blush at her comment, feeling ridiculous for even raising it.

With her bottom resting upon the desk much as when I'd first entered her office, I watched as she dropped a hand between her thighs and scooped the thread of my cum that ran from her pussy. Her eyes on me as she raised her finger to her mouth and licked the digit clean.

"All women want pleasure," she almost whispered.

A silence descended upon the room and I slowly nodded as I debated my next move.

"Which is why I have to leave," I stated and both Madeline and Sophie straightened with shock at my pronouncement. "And I want you to keep the money I'd be paid."

"What? Why?" Madeline was taken aback.

"I thought you were liking it here!" Sophie interjected seemingly even more distraught at my decision than her mother.

"The women love having you here Aaron," Madeline made a final argument and I held up my hand.

"You've got me wrong," I couldn't contain my smirk. "I can't accept payment for this," I looked down at Madeline's exposed groin, back to Sophie. "And I'm only going home for the night. I'll be back in the morning," I now broadly grinned, barely able to contain my excitement. "With my mother!"

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To be continued.

Thank you for reading.